



HALL AND STAIRWAY.

They Play an Important Part in Modern Houses.

A Fashion of Centuries Ago in France Once More—Now the First Steps to the Staircase Are Arranged—The Novel Post.

House planning, like everything else on this globe of earth, develops in cycles. Fashions come and go. What was in vogue in one century goes out in the next, and a hundred years or so later it comes back again. Centuries ago in castles all over Europe the hall was the one chamber in which most of the domestic life of the time was lived. The hearthstone of hospitality was found there. Does not the reader of "Le Morte D'Arthur" remember how

"Don't Tell Mother."

No recent discussion of Sorosis has awakened more interest than that upon the idea, "Don't tell mother."

"Now, what is the matter with the mothers that must not be told? If mothers are weak and incompetent or cold or careless, heaven spare the grandmothers!" said one.

All parents who understand know that the confidence of their children must be given to them, or it will be to somebody else. And it's a sad day for the child, particularly if she is a girl, when she realizes that she cannot tell her mother everything she thinks and ask her about anything she wants to know.

Up to a certain age children should look upon their parents as authority. Beyond that period they are students together. This fact the child should learn from its parents' lips.

A good mother teaches her child that she is its natural confidant.

A good mother never loses her temper when she hears of her child's wrongdoing. She reasons with it, explains why it is best to do right and tries always to make her own life a practical example.—New York Press.

Sarah Grand.

Mrs. Grand, author of the new book, "Heavenly Twins," is of English parentage, with old Quaker stock on both sides. She was born in Ireland, where her father held a coast guard's appointment. She had two brothers and two sisters and was next to the youngest in the family. When she was only 7 years old, her father died, and her mother returned to Yorkshire to live among her own people. Her education was rather desultory, and so far as schools were concerned, came to a sudden end when she was only 16.

At that time she married and found herself stepmother to two boys of 10 and 8. After her marriage she traveled in Ceylon, China and Japan. Her life there probably had a strong influence in forming her character and opinions. After five or six years abroad, Mrs. Grand returned to England and after several years wrote "Ideal," her first printed novel.

Mrs. Grand's personality is said to be charming. She is peculiarly refined in manner and has a very sweet and low voice. She now lives near London, and her son and two stepsons make their home with her.—New York Sun.

Gold Brightener.

There was never a time when so many odd and fanciful little ribs and yokes and ruffles and scents of lace were used for brightening up plain gowns and transforming a low gown into a high one at short notice. The prettiest of the yokes are made of black chiffon with cluny ruffles and jet fringe for a finish to the lower edge. The daintiest scarfs are of liberty tissue in the old art colors for which the English tissues are noted. These are long and broad, to be tied in big, fluffy bows inside a coat collar. Yokes of pale and crazy colors, collars of velvet with a bit of white lace, are effective and economical garnitures for plain gowns to make them smart and gay enough for evening wear. New wrist frills for the long leg of mutton sleeves are made of a square of cloth about seven inches each way, with the corners rounded off and a hole cut in the middle for the hand. It is made double and stitched to the sleeve without fullness. If the dress is of two materials, the inside of the frill is of the contrasting color, the outside of the material like the sleeve.—Fashion Journal.

Miss Virginia Penny.

Miss Virginia Penny led the way in opening the doors of general industry to women workers half a century ago, devoting time and money to the object for years, with no compensation except the enjoyment of doing good. Every one of the many thousands of women in the offices, shops and other places of employment in our cities is indebted to Miss Penny, yet she is living in New York in old age without the usual comforts of life! The writer suggests systematic relief through the women's clubs and similar bodies.—Minneapolis Spectator.

They Touch but to Adorn.

Women touch nothing they do not adorn. The cigarette was an humble little wad of tobacco wrapped in tissue paper. Simplicity could go no further. Since women have taken to smoking, the cigarette has become decorative, aesthetic and frivolous. Ladies' cigarettes, as they are called, are now sold tipped with petals of violet and rose. They are of the finest Turkish tobacco and put up in brown, silver edged, cardboard boxes. Hand painted cigarettes have not yet been introduced.—New York Sun.

Babies and Voting.

The working of woman suffrage in New Zealand is developing a new phase of practical politics. At a recent election a feminine committee was appointed to look after babies while their mothers went to the polls to vote. The question as to who will take charge of the children if the women take part in active politics has been made maliciously prominent by the male-dominated men of woman suffrage. The women of New Zealand have solved the problem.—New York Press.

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A MODERN HALL AND STAIRWAY.



THREE HANDSOME NEW CLOWS.

The gown on the left is of watered silk, with black polka dots, trimmed with puffs of crepe of old roses of the same shade as the dress, held in by wax beads. The next gown is blue satin ribbed with gold. The last gown on the right is a plain and white brocade in large pattern. The neck is cut out front and back, and all edges are outlined with beaded ribbon and lace.

AS IMPROMPTU DANCE.

It has no doubt often occurred to you which walking on the street that you have met a pedestrian going in the opposite direction and in the attempt to pass you left from one side to the other, both being blinded with the same idea. The result is a dodging two or three times from one side to the other before either gets by.

The other day a reporter met with this experience, and a gay young colored girl was the pedestrian coming in the opposite direction. After two or three maneuvers the colored woman exclaimed:

"For the Lawd's sake, man, what is this a-gwan to be—a waltz or a schottisch?"—Philadelphia Call.

THE NEW LEAF.



Bishop Guillem—My dear young lady, have you started in this year to do unto others as you would have them do unto you?

Dear Young Lady—Yes. I've quite speaking to those Grigby girls.—Life

NOT DIVISIBLE BY FOUR.

Side by side they sat upon the sofa in the dim lighted parlor. The new year was only a few days old. Wild thoughts were surging through her brain, her lips were pressed tightly together, and a look of sex determination flashed from her lovely eyes.

As for him, he simply sat there, playing with his watch chain and wondering whether to speak next about the weather or—but that was all he could think of.

He had no sense.

The determined look upon her face grew stronger, her little hands pulled at her dainty lace handkerchief, and it was evident that something was going to happen. But he never seemed to notice anything.

Finally she could stand it no longer. She turned toward him, and if he had been half as bright as you or I would be in such a case, he would have known that those black eyes flashed love, love, love, in every ray that darted from their lustrous depths.

"Albert," she panted, laying her hand upon his arm. "Albert, I—I want to ask you a question—a deep, momentous question."

"Belinda?"

"Yes, Albert, we have known each other a long time, and now—"

She paused. She turned quickly away from him. Overcome with surprise at what was transpiring, he cried, "Belinda, tell me what is the matter?"

"No, no," she answered in anxious tones, "wait a moment. Four into 18 is 4 and 2 to carry; 4 into 20 is 5; 4 into 14 is 3 into 3 and 2 to carry."

"Goodness! What have I done? Did I commit myself?" And she fell fainting on the carpet.

She thought it was leap year and was going to propose!—Truth.

THE INTELLIGENT COMPOSER.

The demon composer who delights in devising ingenious "painter's errors" was the subject of some of Max Aduer's best fun. In dedicating his book to "the intelligent composer," he writes: "It was he who put into type an article of mine which contained the remark, 'Flirtation is sometimes accomplished with the assistance of albumen,' and transformed it into 'Flirtation is sometimes accomplished with the assistance of albumen.' It was he who caused me to misguide the poet's inquiry, so that I prodded to the world the sprawling conundrum, 'Where are the dead, the

vanished dead?' And it was his glorious tendency to make the sublime convulsively ridiculous that rejected the line in a poem of mine which declared that a 'comet swept o'er the heavens with its trailing skirt,' and substituted the idea that a 'comet slept in the bayou in a traveling shirt.'"—London Telegraph.

DECAT.

She turned away and shivered.

"Decat," he repeated in consideration.

"Where is the decat, prithee?"

"Right in your face," she answered.

"I see it."

In horror he shrank from her.

"Curse him!" he hissed.

"Curse the man who guaranteed that no one could tell the gins' eye he sold me from the gemini!"

With livid lips and haggard cheeks he staggered from the place.—Truth.

A NECESSARY ADVICE.

Fangle—Young Barlow has selected his vocation.

Cuno—What is his choice?

Fangle—He has decided to become a poet.

Cuno—Nonsense! What qualifications has he?

Fangle—He has one very important qualification.

Cuno—Name it.

Fangle—An assured income.—Harper's Bazaar.

AN ADDITION TO THE LANGUAGE.

"Would you call Dexter a poet?"

"No, sir. He is a criminal."

"What?"

"Rimmed. That's a word of my own.

If a man who commits crimes is a criminal, I don't see why a man who commits rhymes shouldn't be a rimmed."—Life.

NOT THAT SORT.

Miss Flirtie—No, it cannot be. I am already engaged.

Adorer—Eh? If you were already engaged, why didn't you tell me so?

Mits Flirt (unflirtingly)—I can act the sort of a girl to boast of my conquests.—New York Weekly.

WORKED OUT HER TATES.

Mrs. Mary Walker of Atlantic City recently applied to the city council for permission to work out the amount of her taxes in doing city work on the streets in company with her husband. The request was granted.—Cape May Correspondent.

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REMOVED OUT HER TATES.

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A QUESTION OF FAIR PLAY.

We do not believe there is any justice

in one-half of our people making laws

for the government of the other half.

So long as women are subject to our laws they should have a voice in making them.—Lincoln (N. H.) New Republic.

EQUAL RIGHTS PROGRESS.

Colorado makes the second state that

has now complete woman suffrage.

The close of the present century will probably see at least a dozen states giving women all the rights that men possess.

—Frederick (N. Y.) Censor.

THE COST OF WARS.

United States war in 1861-5 cost \$3-

700,000,000.

France and Mexico's war in 1866 cost

\$75,000,000.

The civil war in Europe in 1848 cost

\$50,000,000.

Russia and Turkey's war in 1878-7 cost

\$250,000,000.

Prussia and Austria's war in 1866 cost

\$100,000,000.

France and Algeria's war in 1830-47 cost

\$150,000,000.

Brazil and Paraguay's war in 1864-70 cost

\$240,000,000.

France and Germany's war in 1870-7 cost

\$250,000,000.

The war between Great Britain, France and Russia, 1854-6, cost \$1,525,000,000.—Mulligan's Statistics.

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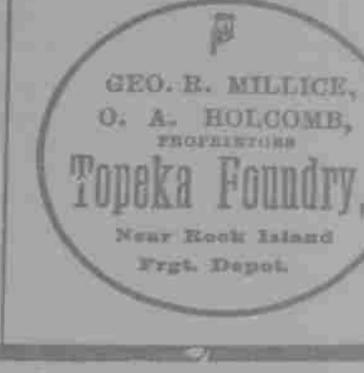
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